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## Hills of Home.

JAMES BARRY, '97.

BLUE hills of home,  
Where'er I roam  
The memory hovers round me day and night,  
Of fair blue-bells,  
The honeyed wells  
Where bees do love to linger with delight;  
That shady slope  
Which bleating flocks surveyed.  
Dear hills, my hope  
Is soon to wander in your shade!

Grey cloud-tipped peaks,  
My fancy seeks  
To probe the secrets that surround each crest,  
To soar beyond,  
In regions fond,  
All heavy cares, that crush the human breast.  
My memory steals  
Me back to that loved home;  
My fancy feels  
Ecstatic as it whispers "Come!"

James Clarence Mangan.

JOHN A. MCNAMARA, '97.



IN the cemetery of Glasnevin, on the northern confines of Dublin, where O'Connell, Curran, Parnell and many another brilliant and patriotic Irishman sleeps his last sleep, lies the body of one who is generally conceded to be the greatest of Ireland's poets. Without stone or monument to mark his last abode, he sleeps the sleep that knows no waking, forgotten by all save a few of his own countrymen and lovers of good literature.

James Clarence Mangan was born in Dublin in 1803. Of his early life little is known. He went to school until he was fifteen, at which age he obtained a situation in a scrivener's office, where he remained for seven years. Afterward he became a solicitor's clerk, which position he held for three years. Of this period in his life the poet says: "I was obliged to work seven years of the ten, from five in the morning, winter and summer, to eleven at night; and during the remaining three years, nothing but a special providence could have saved me from suicide. The misery of my own mind, my natural tendency to loneliness, poetry and self-analysis, the disgusting obscenities and horrible blasphemies of those associated with me, the persecutions I was obliged to endure, and which I never avenged but by acts of kindness, the close air of the room and the perpetual smoke of the chimney—all these destroyed my constitution. No! I am wrong: it was not even all these that destroyed me. In seeking to escape from this misery, I had laid the foundation of that evil habit which has proved to be my ruin."

From his own words we can easily see what misery and pain he must have endured during those ten long years; and we can appreciate it all the more when we know that he suffered all this mental anguish and torment in order to support his mother, brother and sister. No wonder that he never looked back upon this portion of his life without shuddering and horror, for it was then that he contracted that love for brandy and craving for opium, which laid him low in the grave when he should have been in the prime of life and in the full fire of his genius. Yet it must have been during these ten terrible years that he acquired the greater part, if not all, of that wide and varied learning which he possessed. I can imagine

him, as far into the night he pored over his books by the light of a candle, but I cannot appreciate sufficiently the perseverance and determination which enabled the poor, weary toiler of the day to spend sleepless nights in

For some years after Mangan had left the order to satisfy his cravings for knowledge.

attorney's office, there is a period in his life of which comparatively little is known; and when we next see him it is but the wreck of his former self which appears to us. The bright-eyed youth has become a decrepit, stricken-down old man. It is said, however, that during this time Mangan fell in love and was disappointed. John Mitchel, who wrote his biography, says of him about this time: "From several obscure indications it is plain that in one at least of the great branches of education he had run through his curriculum regularly; he had loved and was deceived." In this statement, however, I think that Mr. Mitchel was wrong, for Father C. P. Meehan, the kind priest who attended Mangan in his last hours, and who undoubtedly knew the poet better than any other man at the time, says that Mangan was never in love. Hence this could not have been the disappointment which affected his whole after-life.

Be that as it may, Mangan had passed through the greatest crisis of his life. What that crisis was we know not; but we do know that the poet in passing through it became a changed man, and never again recovered his health or strength of body.

By this time his writings had won for him many friends, but shy and sensitive as he was he avoided them all. Through their influence he was appointed to a position in the Library of Dublin University, and here, in a position for which he was eminently fitted, he dragged out the remainder of his wretched life. His evil habits became stronger and stronger and little by little sapped and undermined his constitution, till at last the end came. He died June 20, 1849, and may God grant that his troubled spirit has found the repose and quiet for which it had so long sought!

We have given this short sketch of Mangan's life in order to acquaint the reader with our poet; but we have only sketched the life of Mangan the man. His inner or truer life yet remains, and that we can read in his works. He really lived in his poetry, and his outward life was but a living death. His great soul knew no bounds, could be restrained by no shackles, and, borne on the golden wings of his fancy, it

soared aloft into the empyrean, and wandered at will over the fairy worlds of his imagination. He was a true poet; there was nothing mechanical about him, and everything he wrote came from his heart. He evinces a depth of feeling which we see in no other Irish poet.

Mangan was a scholar; but how or whence he acquired his knowledge we cannot determine, other than that he acquired it himself. A thorough classical scholar, he was versed in Spanish, French and German, "and he roved at will through the glowing garden of their poetic literature."

As a poet Clarence Mangan has been greatly underrated. This was, no doubt, due to the fact that, unlike Moore or Mahoney, he never catered to the English publishers. He never wrote a poem or an article except for the patriotic Irish papers, and he always treated the English booksellers and press with scorn and contempt, not deigning even to notice them. On this account he lacked that advertising, at which we must confess the British publishers are so clever; consequently it is only of late that due praise and attention have been given to his genius. Of a modest and retiring disposition, he became but little known even in his own land, and many an inferior poet held the place in the family household which belonged to Mangan.

But now circumstances have changed, and Mangan has become dear to every Irish heart. Truly did Mitchel say: "I have never yet met a cultivated Irishman or woman of genuine Irish nature who did not cherish Clarence Mangan above all the poets that their island of song ever nursed." To show how great the interest taken in Mangan is at present, we merely mention the fact that Miss Louise Imogen Guiney is busily engaged in getting out a collection of his poems.

As a translator Mangan was inimitable, and some of his best work is done in this line. He never believed in literalness, and allowed himself such freedom that in many cases his translations are nothing more than paraphrases. He always, however, caught the fire and spirit of the original and very often vastly improved upon it, and what was before crude ore became, under his magic touch, the purest of refined gold. In his Irish translations he generally chose those subjects of a dismal character and with that melancholy strain running through them that so well accorded with his nature. What a world of woe and desolation is breathed forth in his "O'Hussey's Ode to the

Maguire," "Sarsfield," "Kinkora," and "Dark Rosaleen!" We can see in these that strange, mercurial temperament of the Celt; bold and irresistible in triumph, but despondent and weak in adversity. Strange to say, Mangan could not read a word of Irish, and his translations are but versifications of paraphrases furnished him by Irish scholars of the time. These he rendered in his own way, yet he always caught and expressed the spirit, the cadence and the rhythm of the original.

His German translations were collected and published in 1845 under the title of "Anthologia Germanica." In these translations he is undoubtedly unequal, yet some of them are masterpieces, whether we consider them as translations or not. They were, as Mitchel says, "never, perhaps, exceeded for strength, sweetness, clearness and beauty of finish." What can be more beautiful than his translation of Rueckert's "Dying Flower," of which we give a selection:

"How often soared my soul aloft  
In balmy bliss too deep to speak,  
When zephyrs came and kissed with soft  
Sweet incense breath my blushing cheek!  
When beauteous bees and butterflies  
Flew round me in the summer beam,  
Or when some virgin's glorious eyes  
Bent o'er me like a dazzling dream!"

Is there a word or phrase in the "Spectre Caravan" which can be altered without destroying the music of the verse? Or could the melody be more perfect, or the picture be placed before us more clearly? In his first stanza alone, can we not picture the scene when,

"'Twas at midnight in the desert, where we rested on the  
ground;  
There my Beddaweens were sleeping, and their steeds  
were stretched around;  
In the farness lay the moonlight on the mountains of  
the Nile,  
And the camel-bones that strewed the sands for many  
an arid mile."

And again, what could be more pathetic or accordant with the disappointment which the poet met with in his life than the following passage from Schiller:

"Extinguished in dead darkness lies the sun  
That lighted up my shrivelled world of wonder—  
Those fairy bands imagination spun  
Around my heart have long been rent asunder.  
Gone, gone forever, is the fine belief  
The all-too generous trust in the Ideal;  
All my divinities have died of grief,  
And left me wedded to the Rude and Real."

Everyone is familiar with Longfellow's translations from the German, and it might be well

to compare these with Mangan's. The first stanza of the "Castle by the Sea" Longfellow translates as follows:

"Hast thou seen that lordly castle,  
That castle by the sea,  
Golden and red above it,  
The clouds float gorgeously?"

Mangan renders the same:

"Sawest thou the castle that beetles over  
The wine-dark sea?  
The rosy sunset clouds do hover  
Above it so goldenly."

Only saying that Longfellow's is the more literal, we leave it to the reader to decide which is the more poetical. In another translation Longfellow sings:

"I heard a brooklet gushing  
From its rocky fountain near,  
Down into the valley rushing,  
So fresh and wondrous clear."

Mangan renders it thus:

"There danceth adown the mountain  
The child of a lofty race;  
A streamlet fresh from its fountain  
Hies toward the valley apace."

Once again Longfellow is the more literal, but Mangan is the more poetical. It is a cause of regret that Longfellow translated so little from the German as we might otherwise have had a chance of comparing with one another the two greatest translators of German song.

As to Mangan's translations from the Coptic and Persian they are undoubtedly so in name only. The original never existed except in Mangan's mind. No other poet than Mangan ever wrote "The Karamanian Exile," "The Wail and Warning of the Three Khalendeers," or that magnificent poem "The Time of the Barmecides." What could be more characteristic of Mangan than for him to sing

"My eyes are filmed, my beard is gray,  
I am bowed with the weight of years.  
I would I were stretched in my bed of clay  
With my long-lost youth's compeers.  
For back to the past, tho' the thought brings woe,  
My memory ever glides  
To the old, old time, long, long ago,  
The time of the Barmecides."

Who that has once read these lines can forget them? In spite of themselves their memories will ever glide

"To the old, old time, long, long ago,  
The time of the Barmecides."

And those singular verses called "Twenty Golden Years Ago," can we pass them over in silence? Can we pass over unnoticed the depth of pathos together with the hollow humor the poet displays in his lament for the life which was his "twenty golden years ago?"

To my mind, that poem is one of the most pathetic in the English language. Nor can we pass unmentioned his "Broken-hearted Lays," "Vision of Connaught" "The Warning Voice," and "The Irish National Hymn," all of which are masterpieces.

There is one class of literature of which Mangan, as a translator, stands alone. It is that class in which German literature excels—those poems "which strive to utter that vague, yearning aspiration towards something nobler and grander than the world can give us,—that passionate stretching forth of the hands to reach the ever-flying Ideal, which must be to us all as the fair Cloud Juno was to Ixion."

Mangan was a master of the mechanical art of poetry, and it is this, combined with his depth of feeling, which makes him the artist he is. He had the happy power of clearly and aptly expressing his meaning, and he is never at a loss for the right word. Then, too, he was a believer in the use of broken metres, and this one thing adds greatly to the force and power of all his works. In this respect he reminds us of our own Poe, who also delighted in the use of peculiar metres. Mangan had very little humor, and that which he had was of that bitter mocking sort which shows us his sad experience with the world.

No one who considers the man can be otherwise than interested in him or his life—or rather, his double life. The man was a mystery unfathomable even to his nearest friends, and this veil of mystery still hangs so closely about him that we cannot but try to tear it away. We know little of him beyond his wretchedness and genius; but what we do know is sufficient to convince us that had he been given opportunities he would have been one of the greatest of English-speaking poets. As it is, he is the greatest poet the Emerald Isle has ever produced, and as such is recognized by all great critics.

In this short article we have tried to direct attention to Mangan, and to show his ability and worth as a poet. Our subject has been a broad one, and we may have failed to treat it properly; but if we have accomplished our object we will rest satisfied. We are sure that no one will ever regret having spent a few hours on Mangan, and we hope that in the future lovers of good poetry will devote more attention to him. Then we may rest happy in the assurance that he will be properly appreciated, and will receive the praise and place in literature, which he so highly deserves.

### Me an' the Cap'n.

ELMER J. MURPHY, '97.

Just outside the barracks, where the spring sun shines warmest and the spring sod is driest, sat Sergeant Quigley smoking his little black pipe, with a feeling of deep contentment. It was just such a day as was suited to revery. The long vigil of winter was over; the first touch of the days of a new year brought to the mind a bit of idleness which turned towards other springs like this and mused upon the days that memory knows. At least this is what the Sergeant was doing. His eyes looked listlessly out upon the greening landscape; the puffs of smoke curled unnoticed around his head. When I came up to him, he started suddenly and saluted:

"Ah! General,"—he called me thus because I was the Major's elder brother—"it's a fine day we're havin'."

"True, Mike," I replied. "You seemed to be dreamin' when I came up."

"Yis, sir; so I wuz, General,—an' dramin' av a time whin I wuz happier'n I am now, though I haven't got any rason to shuffle me tongue. But, sir, it's in this weather to trundle up the owld times. What I wuz thinkin' about wuz twinty years ago, sir; an' I can see it all as if 'twere yisterday."

"Some girleen or other, Mike?"

"No, sir, it wuzn't. But there is a bit av a girleen in it; an' such a one as I never saw before. Sit down, General, an' I'll tell ye about the sthory.

"It wuz this way: When I wuz in the army a soldierin' about tin years, an' in active service about five, I sthumbed on a man that I've never seen the like av' yit; an' I never expect to. 'Twuz Cap'n Tom, sir. That's the only name I ever called him, an' that's all the name you'll have to know. We jisht sthorted, or wuz gettin' ready to sthart, whin I came under his command. We wint out to knock the galoots off av thim dammed crows, an' a maner set o' red divils I never seen in me life. They're worse than thim Chirokees an' Black Feet.

"I wuz a corporil thin, an' not a big one aither; but Cap'n Tom tuk a fancy for me, an' I tuk one for him, and we sthuck like cactuses. Anyway, I got a post beside him an' I tuk the banner before long.

"It wuzn't a long time before we sthorted out. At first nothin' came up. We had a big march

to the inimy's counthry, but nearly all the boys were owld hands an' didn't sigh for fightin' as thim young fellies do. They tuk things as they had a mind to come. As fer Cap'n Tom, he made every mother's son av 'em feel as if they wud follow him through the counthry till their jaws quit workin'.

"I remimber one night whin some av 'em got too much rye-spirits between their belts so as they couldn't tell a bay'net from a gunstock. He talked to 'em quietly, as if he were talkin' with his own brother. I see'd 'em slink away when he wuz finished. The whul mob av 'em felt as if they were the manest things that ever sthood on two feet. Since that time nary one touched a dhrop till the dammed Indians slunk into their hole; and thin many 'av 'em were lyin' out in the buffalo fields widout any longin' for it.

"The firsht av the red divils we ran into wid both feet, for we had 'em,—owin' to the skill av Cap'n Tom—in a pepper box, an' cud sift 'em out as we plazed. It made me feel bully, too, to shoot the words out av their mouths.

"Thin we wint into hard times an' active service. I laid the owld banner by; for there wuz no need av a flag fightin' those shnakes. It wuz betther to keep your glory hid if ye wanted to keep it at all. For days we wint on over the plains, hot on the thrail av a big squad; an' yit, we cud no more grab 'em than we cud fry the earth on a griddle.

"Gineral, I never worked so hard in me life, an' yit, I wuz jisht as happy as any man. Since thin, I've had an aisy time av it, but, bedad, I'd like to go through wid the same owld campaign agin, wid Cap'n Tom at the lead.

"As I wuz sayin', we wint on for a dammed long time before we had signs av a round-up. Whin we got into the hilly regions, we saw signs av scouts and dammed quare risin's av smoke, which meant somethin' as sure as me name isn't Dutch.

"Many times I saw the Cap'n wid a lowered brow an' throubled face gazin' afther thim little shmoke signals. I knowed he wuz cal'latin' somethin', an' I wuz afeard we'd have a tough fight wid the red skins before we wud be able to clane 'em out.

"At lasht we came to a sthand-sthill, an' the Cap'n said: 'Tomorrow we'll have a hard time, an' there will be many av the boys that won't fight agin.' He spoke to 'em that night an' put out extry watches.

"Next mornin' we wint a little ahead until we

came up on a bit av a hill. Thin we saw the sight that knocked us cold. There on the hill forninst us, there wuz about a million av the dommed feathers an' warpaint. It seemed about twice as much, Gineral; puttin' it six av thim to one av us wuzn't a toothpick too much. The whole hillside wuz covered wid 'em, movin' kind o' restless and snake-like.

"Cap'n Tom sthood before us: 'Byes,' he said, 'you see this pile we've got to fight. We are few, they're many. But we have guns an' they've only got a few av 'em. Don't sthop once. Kill an' slash an' shoot till they run; an' when they take to the woods keep your noggins low. If I fall, you'll follow Quigley. Whin his turn comes—well, do your duty.'

"We got everything in shape an' wuz movin' to a shnug little cove, whin three av the Indians came forrud with a snip av a white flag. The Cap'n called me an' Crowley an' we wint ahead to meet 'em, the hateful divils. Gineral, they were the most deservin' av the name I've ever seen.

"Crowley commenced palaverin' wid 'em, tellin' Cap'n Tom what they promised, whin the whul three wid one lape sprang upon us, an' before I know'd it Cap'n Tom wuz down. This made me sthrong all av a suddin, an' I tuk the one 'at came at me by the head an' broke his neck wid a crack,—which wuz too good for his thievin' hide. Crowley did the same wid his; but Cap'n Tom was sthill strugglin' wid the baste that come at him. That wan died before he cud take another eye-wink. By this time the whul mob came at us, wid a whoop, an' all I did wuz to tell some av the fellies to take Cap'n Tom back an' care for 'im.

"An' thin we let go. I know'd there wuz no need av a leader now. Such a savage, bloody thrick as that set us all on fire, an' wid one gineral cuss we went at 'em. They came on wid a rush, whoopin' an' yellin' an' swingin' their arms like divils. Then I looked at me boys. I never saw a line av sterner faces in me life before or since thin. Their eyes was blazin' an' bloodshot; their teeth set like vices. The whul line wuz quiverin' wid anger. I knew, Gineral, that every wan wud fight till he wuz dead.

"The first volley tumbled a heap av 'em down, the second more. We didn't git a third. By that time they were on us, an' every man forgot everythin' an' pitched in like ravin' maniacs. As for meself, I wuz swingin' me gun for hours; what I did, I cudn't tell. I wuz thinkin' av Cap'n Tom.

"I don't know how 'twuz. All av a suddin I found meself sthandin' wid a bloody gun in me hand, an' jisht afore me wuz a red divil squirmen' in the lasht breath av life. His head wuz battered in an' the blood was stramin' out upon the parched grass. He gave wan quiver an' thin lay quiet. We had licked the shkunks so bad they didn't sthay to take away the carcasses.

"Thin I wint sthumblin' over the dead to the Cap'n. Sir, what I saw wuz enough to make any shtrong man quaver. The Cap'n lay in owld Crowley's arms, an' around him sthood most av the byes. Ginerall, such a soight I niver want to see agin. It wuz near sundown. The laves o' the trees rustled wid the same noise as before the fight. On yonder hill lay the scattered dead av the reds. By Cap'n Tom's side, the men sthood wid their clothes torn and bloody. Their guns lay in a heap broken and battered.

"Eight hours ago they tore down the hill like wild men wid terrible inds in view; they dealt blows wid a stringth that never gave up. An' now, sir, they sthood by the Cap'n wid their eyes full av tears an' their heads bowed, prayin', Ginerall,—thim that never thought av a prayer before,—prayin' wid their voices choked wid sobbin'. Somehow or other the tears bubbled up in me own eyes as I knelt down beside him an' he tuk me hand. He gave me a packet sir, whispered a good-bye,—an'—fell back—dead."

Here the old veteran paused, for his voice was husky, and he wiped off the two tears that trickled down over his rough, honest face. I did not urge him. He waited until his voice became firmer, and then finished the story which I had best tell in my own words. It is too difficult to bring out the broken accents that told what sorrow was in his heart.

He who lay alone in the unknown prairie, whose grave was marked only by the little mound of earth, had looked forward to the toil of a soldier's life as a way to happier things. The future of this world, which he had hoped and longed for, never came. And how many hearts—tender and strong and noble—were made sad? In how many hearts is he now living?

In a large city in a large mansion there was one who opened the packet with trembling fingers, and swooned away before she could read the message it contained. A fond mother tried to press upon our hero a gift of money; but he took nothing: He did not do all this for money; it was for the sake of Cap'n Tom

### Varsity Verse.

THE STILE—THAT USED TO BE.

AN ANSWER WITHOUT WORDS.

© LD times, old books, the hours to while;  
Old friends to dream in revery and rest;  
Old places—such as was the stile,—  
Are these the memories we love the best?

E. J. M.

A DREAM.

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,  
Where we sat side by side.—LADY DUFFERIN.

I'm dreaming of the stile, Mary,  
Where we sat side by side  
When the birds sang love for us, Mary,  
And a pair o' birds espied.  
The stile was old and worn, Mary,  
And the grass grew 'round its base,  
But I see it now as a queenly throne  
All brightened by your face.

'Twas our rest whene'er we could, Mary,  
Our caravanserai,  
The scenes of our rendezvous, Mary,  
Whenever we found a way.  
And there—but why recall them,  
For grief comes with the joy,  
When I think that the stile's no more, Mary,  
But replaced by a pretty toy?

A pretty toy!—pray, pardon!  
'Tis a toy for boors and—men!  
An iron gate! what madness  
Has changed to the now the then?  
No more will angels' whispers  
Be heard around the stile.  
There are angels still, but—horror!—  
They've smashed that antique pile.

J. B.

OLD—HE, SHE AND IT.

You cannot change the good old place  
Though you destroy the scene,  
For memories of her dear old face  
Still keep the old stile green.

T. T. C.

A GUSHING SPRING.

Poor old moth-eaten, mildewed thing,  
They've hacked and chopped your frame;  
But axes cannot choke the spring  
That still holds to your fame.

B. J. K.

OUR SHRINE DESECRATED.

Somehow beneath the murmuring, wind-fanned trees  
An odor of sweet, by-gone memories  
Seems hovering still. We close our eyes and seem  
To see old time-dimmed pictures, and we dream  
Forgotten voices whisper in the breeze.

But still our shrine is rifled—yea, the shrine  
At which the students knelt with love divine,  
And worshipped idols of poetic past  
Is gone. Time all-unfeeling has at last  
Placed bars prosaic in the place once thine.

C. M. B. B.



## Greek and Mathematics.

JESSE W. LANTRY, '97.

The American student of today differs greatly from the one of twenty years ago, and the cause of this vast difference may be attributed to the fact that he is now obliged to pursue a certain trend of study which then would have aided him little in practical life. Another cause is evident from the object of education, which today consists in broadening the intellect, and rendering one's views more clear and valuable to others, while its object then was often of a pecuniary nature, and to assist the student in gaining the professional confidence more than the respect of those around him. The present scholar shows the merit of devotion to a certain class of study, how it assists him in his own efforts, and how instructive it is to the knowledge-seeking public. In the first place, it strengthens the mind, so much so that colleges have adopted certain studies merely for the cultivation and preparation of the student for future work—to assist memory and observation the natural sciences are taught; to confirm the judgment foreign languages and mathematics, and likewise every faculty is developed by exercise in its own work.

In regard to Greek and mathematics it is difficult to say which gives the best mental training. I shall compare them with each other in the different functions the mind performs, and try to show the comparative value of each. The best common advantage is their aid to judgment. In this, I think Greek is subordinate; for in the study of mathematics there is a continuous line of reasoning from arithmetic to the highest branch, while in Greek it is almost lost after one has acquired a facility in sight-translation. After this is attained the study of the language becomes more useful to the observation,—the beauties of style, the characteristics of the work, the peculiarities of the author, are only the reward of diligent research. The method of seeking results in mathematics rather develops the understanding, because in its problems the student is compelled to begin at one point and work onward, but at each step he is obliged to determine in which direction the next must be taken.

For accuracy, mathematics is again superior; because the student is forced to be more exact in the solution of problems than he is in the analysis of a paragraph of Greek. Still, there

is an objection to this which maintains that the acquirement of the precise meaning of the author demands the same mental energy, if not more than that used in the explication of a theorem. Whether it does or not is hard to decide. Greek, on the one hand, embracing philology and the comparison with similar constructions in other languages, indeed taxes the mind to a wonderful degree; but when we look at what is required to deal with imaginary quantities, then it is that we have an idea of what mathematics does for our judgment. The acquirement of a good vocabulary makes Greek very beneficial as a training for the memory; and besides the mere knowledge of words there is much to be retained concerning the ancient literature, the author's methods, the syntax, and one's success depends altogether on the amount remembered from previous reading. In mathematics the memorizing of rules, formulæ and theorems and their application in the different branches, is also necessary for work in the higher studies, and, in my opinion, exacts more energy to preserve them fresh in our memory than it does to retain the principles of Greek.

There are many secondary advantages which these classes possess; but the most important have been referred to and their benefits enumerated in a general way. Now let us look at the methods that the different colleges use in developing the mind. In Cornell they use the mathematical sciences and everything connected with them, both for drill and in preparing their graduates for practical work. Harvard uses both systems, but from her catalogue it appears that she gives preference to Greek. Princeton agrees with Cornell; Yale and almost all Catholic colleges with Harvard. Twelve years ago, one of the German universities attempted to substitute mathematics for Greek, merely as an experiment, with the intention of replacing it at the end of ten years if it proved a failure. They saw from their graduates that during that time less able men were turned out, so that the year before last they restored Greek to their curriculum.

If we take the benefits derived from devotion to these studies and examine them separately, mathematics, in every case, appears to have the preference. It seems to strengthen the intellect and memory more than Greek, and to be far above it as a training for mental development; but experience shows that it is really inferior, and the reason of this is indeed hard to find. I myself have attributed it to the

fact that mathematics delights the student after he has passed the elementary part, and he rather delights in working with exact quantities, knowing that the result when obtained is true and cannot be otherwise. Greek, on the other hand, seems to require an effort on the part of the student to continue the work, unless he is following a natural desire to learn the language.

Nowadays the aim of an education is not the simple learning of a few facts and technical rules, but the development of the powers of the mind; and when a man knows what he is most capable of doing in life he should pursue it to the end, and turn all his efforts towards its accomplishment. We find that mathematics and Greek cultivate almost every mental faculty and are almost indispensable to a collegiate education. Although the mathematical course is good in its place, still a person seems to lack something unless he has had a thorough classical training, because it embraces nearly all the general learning contained in the other courses. At the present time mathematics is often studied more for its use in practical life, and as such it loses half its value as an educator, because one is apt to omit a great deal, and pass through even more without understanding it thoroughly, in order to complete one's course sooner. On the other hand, the classical is considered as a foundation for all the professions, and though the same fault may be found with it as with the other, still there are enough studies connected with it to make up for the neglect. No matter what position in life he may enter, the classical student has enough general knowledge to assist him in all his undertakings.

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### The Prisoner of Zenda.

MARTIN J. COSTELLO, '97.

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If one were to visit a large bookstore for the purpose of examining some of the latest novels, one would be surprised to find how many are of the lowest rank and deserve very little attention. Although the average novel may be read and commented upon by the critics and the people for a short time after its publication, yet its existence is of brief duration. Its popularity gradually wanes, and the novel itself is lost sight of until some curious and interested reader resurrects it from its dark abode. Everyone knows the old, but credible saying that there

is always an exception to every rule. This is true, indeed, of the novel about which I am to speak, "The Prisoner of Zenda"—read not only by the critics, who contended with one another in bestowing encomiums upon its author, but also by the majority of people. As a novel it has gained success for its writer, yet, I might say, it has received greater approval as a drama. It has brought fame to Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, who, until the publication of this work, was little known. Since then he has attained an enviable position among the novelists of the day. His greatest success may be said to be in the writing of short stories. In these he is a skilful master, both in the development of plot and in the delineation of character. The story briefly outlined is as follows:

Rudolph Rassendyll, a young Englishman, overcome by the strong desire of travelling, determines to visit Ruritania, telling his sister and his friends that he intends to make a few months' sojourn in the Tyrol for the purpose of exploration. On his arrival in Ruritania he is surprised to find a similarity of appearance between himself and the future king. After a few day's acquaintance with the head of the government, Rudolph finds him to be a good-natured and jovial partner, and upon the king's invitation to dine with him, Rudolph willingly accepts and becomes a participant in a very perilous undertaking, which the author states in a most striking manner.

The sumptuous meal of which the king and Rudolph partook, with the best wine that could be had, was too much for the former. As an outcome of his excessive drinking, the king was unable to attend his coronation. On account of the likeness between Rudolph and the king, Colonel Sapt, one of the king's servant's and a jolly soldier of the old German stock, suggests that in the present trouble Rassendyll assume the position and character of the monarch and deceive the crowd. Rassendyll does not like the idea, as he tells Colonel Sapt that if he were discovered in the act of imitating the king, great trouble would follow. However, after much persuasion on the Colonel's part, Rudolph consents. He disguises himself and takes the place of the king at the coronation. In the meantime Rudolph and the Colonel have found out to their amazement that while the king was in an intoxicated condition he had been removed to an unknown place by his wicked cousin Michael. As they are unable to ascertain the



king's whereabouts, Rudolph is forced to continue his perilous rôle. He does this with great anxiety for three long months, during which time he passes through some of the most dangerous ventures he has ever heard of. Not only was the character of the king sufficient for him to assume, but he had to make love to Flavia, to whom the king was engaged. This was greater trouble, but through the wise counsels of Colonel Sapt and Fritz Von Tarlenheim, another of the king's attendants, he admirably succeeded in playing the part of the lover. He performs this so well that in the course of a few weeks Flavia and himself fall deeply in love. What seemed at first to be counterfeit, soon became real. After much diligent work the prison of the king is made known through the assistance of the villain's concubine, Madame de Mauban, who joins the followers of the king in order to save him. The king is finally rescued; Michael is killed in the attack upon the castle, and Rassendyll, after liberating the king and settling all his affairs, returns to England a much wiser and sadder man.

The plot is the work of a clever, creative imagination. Through the author's pleasing style and the nobleness of the characters the interest never flags. It is well connected, for the scenes and changes of time follow each other in clear succession so that all flow onward to the end, making one complete unit. As regards Anthony Hope's style there is something so original in it that it is very pleasing to the reader. It resembles none of the modern writers, nor, I may say, any of the most noted writers of the early part of the present century. It is neither so rough as to be unpopular, nor is it so heavy as to be unbearable; but it is easy, forcible and, above all, pleasing. Undoubtedly, the charm of Mr. Hope is in his conversational method. He does not tire the reader with too much dialogue, because he knows where to stop in order to hold the interest of his reader.

In the portrayal of character, Mr. Hope has achieved greatest glory. He has done this with such skill that idealized characters seem to us to be natural. Although we may not meet with them in life, still we are consoled when we read about them, as our spirits are drawn towards that which is noble. The hero of the novel, Rudolph Rassendyll, may be somewhat overdrawn, yet we hardly notice it in the contrast of the other characters. He charms us by his bravery and his good-natured disposi-

tion. There is one phase where the character is not consistent. After he has settled all his affairs he departs suddenly for England as though nothing had happened. We would not expect such a thing to occur after following Rudolph through the work. There is another blemish against Mr. Hope, and a very bad mark upon the book. Rassendyll, though a non-Catholic, receives the Viaticum at the coronation. This is a fault that can hardly be pardoned. Mr. Hope did not think that this part of the book would be attacked by Catholic readers as offensive, and, above all, unworthy of a liberal-minded man.

In delineating the characters of Colonel Sapt and Fritz Von Tarlenheim, Mr. Hope has portrayed for us two soldiers—one of the old school and the other of the new. The former is a keen-sighted, obstinate warrior and a good-natured man; the latter, not so courageous as his friend, yet a soldier devoted to his king. He has not that stern look of the Colonel, but is a soldier of the court, brave and courteous. Duke Michael's character is so well depicted that when reading the novel we wish that his every movement might be his last. We hate him because of his wicked actions and his designs against his gentle and good-hearted king. Occupying a high position in the kingdom, he is not satisfied, but is ever striving for the crown. Ambition works his ruin, and thus we see his unfortunate life brought to a sudden and well-deserved end.

Flavia, the heroine, is the best-drawn character in the novel. Although she does not occupy as great a position as Rassendyll, still she shines forth in a more brilliant manner than the other characters. In the portrayal of Flavia, Mr. Hope has shown himself to be a wonderful artist. When Rudolph decides to return to England, great as the love Flavia had for him, she was averse to going with him, and remains in Ruritania to be the king's wife and an unhappy queen. The separation of these two lovers is the most pathetic scene throughout the book. As noble as Flavia is, she parts from Rassendyll rather than accompany him to England and thereby stain the name and honor of her family. If Anthony Hope is to be considered a rising novelist, his book, "The Prisoner of Zenda," speaks for him. As I have treated his first novel in this short essay, it appears that if "The Prisoner of Zenda" be taken as the criterion of Mr. Hope's abilities, what cannot we still expect from his pen?

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NOTE.—The Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors of the Classical, English, Scientific and of all the Engineering Courses are hereby requested to hand in their regular essays to the Director of Studies on or before November 2.

—To address the entire student body on the matter of etiquette may be considered a bold and reprehensible act, for there are many among us who have already laid the foundations of their character and acquired those good habits, which every one should seek to practise. But there are others, who, on account of their youth or carelessness, can yet lay no claim to good breeding. Fortunately this class is small, but, though small, not insignificant. Since a college course includes the inculcation of Christian principles and Christian virtues, we would say a word to the small class, which we have just mentioned, by recommending to their attention a booklet called "Don't," containing directions for avoiding improprieties in conduct and common errors of speech. The author of this little book takes a hint from Portia, and says: "It is a good divine that follows his own instructions." And so we may

know very well how to conduct ourselves, but, at the same time, may conduct ourselves very ill indeed. This booklet, which may be found in the Students' Office, will repay perusal, and is so neat and handy that its possession will be no incumbrance.

—The candidates for the Varsity are working hard and in a few more days will be in a fit condition to try conclusions with their opponents. The Eleven will soon be chosen; therefore it behooves every man who dons the canvas to see to it that his practice be all that he can make it. The duty devolves upon every man of making as good a fight as possible for a place on the team, and if so fortunate as to secure that honor, he should make every effort to hold it. No man will be so unreasonable as to attempt to fill a position which it is evident he can not fill, and if, when the team has finally been chosen, it appears that any member of it fall below the standard, he should at once vacate and give a better man a chance.

—Last year a new custom was instituted by the Boat Club which it would be well to observe this fall. A regatta should be held on Founder's Day, the memory of which will be cherished by those who witness it, and handed down to succeeding oarsmen. In the calendar of the University of Notre Dame there are days which should be looked forward to with longing and remembered with delight; days which should evoke all the patriotism of the students' souls and fill their hearts with love undying, ineffaceable for their *Alma Mater*. We ought to build up traditions for those who follow us, even though we cannot reap the pleasure which, in time, those traditions must bring forth. The legacy we leave behind must be honorable,—worthy of true sons of Notre Dame and appropriate to the season in which they should be observed.

St. Edward's Day is one of these red-letter days, and what is more fitting to its fulfilment than a contest between skill and muscle? Already some work has been done in this regard by members of the Boat Club, but greater interest should be shown in this matter than has heretofore been evinced. Let the sharp, quick stroke of the oarsmen curl the waters of St. Joseph's Lake; let the Gold and Blue wave in the breeze, and the thirteenth of October will be a day to be remembered!

### The Passing of the Stile.

Certain mediæval schoolmen, who had more leisure than was befitting, were fond of arguing questions of this sort: *Utrum undecim millia angelorum acus supra punctum saltare possunt*—"Whether eleven thousand angels could dance upon the point of a needle." Whatever way this grave discussion ended, surely these angels could not dance upon our old Stile. The point of a needle is not a quarter section in Indiana, but it is something—the Stile today is nothing, merely a sweet memory, a treasure, set away with fair dreams faded.

Lady Dufferin, in her "Lament of the Irish Emigrant," begins with this pathetic opening chord:

I'm sittin' on the stile,  
Mary,  
Where we sat side by  
side,  
On that bright May  
mornin' long ago.

The poetic lady could appreciate our grief, and the difficulty this Emigrant would now experience if he attempted to repeat his enthronization. He might perilously perch upon the supplanting, utilitarian, iron gate, but what could Mary do? She was probably no bicyclist, no bird, an angel only by metaphor during the enthusiastic moments of the Emigrant.

A few days since a rondel-writing Sorinite, coming here like the goldenrod, after the dear idle days of summer, bethought him of the stile and of those fair white towers that soar starward along the sky-line, over emerald, billowy trees. There dwell, as in a dovecot, comely maidens innumerable, guarded vigilantly as precious things should be guarded. Onward between the lakes, with sunset all incarnadined, he wandered, chanting softly as did Autolycus, the love-worthy rogue in "Winter Tale":

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,  
And merrily hent the stile-a:  
A merry heart goes all the way,  
Your sad tires in a mile-a!

What though he might not pass the Stile and enter the Promised Land, could he not, like Mary's Emigrant, sit upon the stile as he had often done in hours of May and watch the West burn from flame of carnation to the spiritual golden light that trembles under frost-touched maple leaves? Could he not rest him there on steps which haply the hem of her trailing raiment had made blessed by a touch? Even as Satan,

So on he fares, and to the border comes  
Of Eden.

Where also "Adam," the gardener, dwells—so named by envious Sorinites because he is the only man within that Place of Paradise. But alack! and well-a-day! where is the Stile?—*Mais ou sont les neiges d'antan?*



THE STILE—THAT USED TO BE.

At last with the gentle bitterness of melancholy Jaques, he essays a wanjest,—he writes upon the gate-post: "Please do not sit upon the Stile!" Then with eyes downcast he drifts away like a withered leaf.

Did the carpenter, being mechanical, know what his plebeian axe was destroying? The Stile family is of wondrous antiquity and deserving of better entreatment. Back in the days of good Will Shakspeare it was called *Style*, and before the Norman Invasion it was *Stigel*. It came to England from Germany. When middle High German was spoken the family was called *Stiegel*; and in the dim distant days when the Nibelungen were quarreling about the Rhine-gold it was known as *Stiagil*. The derivation of the name is from *Stigan*, to climb, to ascend, and the family motto, borne by many a field, was *Sic itur ad astra*. The Romans were familiar with the Stile. I do not mean that stile which Horace would have us so often evert, but the stile which held back charging cavalry. Caius Silius Italicus, in his epic poem upon the Second Punic War (x., 413), says:

Cervorum ambustis imitantur cornua ramis,  
Et Stilus occulitur, cæcum in vestigia telum.

It certainly is of long lineage, venerable, not proper food for axes.

There was an old Stile which the "Flos Regum Arthurus" had placed near

Tintagil castle by the Cornish sea.

That Cornish Stile was a line of stepping stones standing within a violet-enameled ditch. Upon these, haply, were set the trembling sandals of old Merlin as he fled into the South, and the jeweled purfling on the purple shoon of that dangerous damsel Vivian twinkled thereupon as she switched over the long grass in her unmaidenly pursuit of the very ancient precursor of Mr. Herman. There, too, when Queen Guinevere went a-Maying Sir Lancelot, to safeguard her passage, would hold her finger-tips,—a proceeding which was not absolutely necessary.

But why wander so far from our own Stile which was and is no more? Let us rather forthwith begin the quest for that carpenter!

They that have done this deed are honorable:  
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,  
That made them do it; they're wise and honorable,  
And will, no doubt, with reason answers you;—

Nevertheless we still demand the sacrifice of that carpenter!

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#### Exchanges.

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It is not an easy task to have anything in this column of the SCHOLASTIC this week. Most of our exchanges have not as yet shaken off the torpor of the holidays, and it will take many of them a long time before they do so. A few of our friends of last year have reached us, and but a very small number of these possess enough zeal and talent to be above the childishness of informing us that Miss Constance Montgomery has returned from Michigan, or that Professor Slowman is yet away in the mountains.

Last year the *Mid-Continent*—then a monthly school paper—had not enough in it to repay the looking at it. This year it has become a weekly publication; but from the first numbers we conclude that it is at least four times more meagre and forbidding than it was last year. We admire pluck, but not imbecility.

The *Round Table* congratulates Beloit College on the success of its co-education movement—a movement begun last year not without doubt and hesitation. The *Round Table* believes that

to every question there are two sides; and that while some of the college men (nasty, dried-up fellows) still dwell with loving affection upon the excellencies of Old Beloit (where there were no women?), they have cheerfully transferred their devotion and love to New Beloit. This is not surprising. In the heart of the college youth is change, forever change. We understand that in the Freshman class of the college there was a fall from the standard of scholarship hitherto reached by this class. Probably the zeal of the young ladies discouraged the weak Freshmen.

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The *Earlhamite* finds our remarks about padding college papers with the aid of contributions from professors and outsiders "in the main highly commendable." We should be obliged by knowing on what points our criticisms do not meet with the approval of the *Earlhamite*. The *Earlhamite* ventures to say that the editors of most college papers are excusable if they occasionally succumb to the temptation to fill up by the aid of the professor. We do not condemn the aid of the Professor when occasion requires it. In our remarks we pointed out such occasions. If, outside of this, editors succumb to the temptation they succumb to laziness.

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The *Heidelberg Argus* opens the present year in the same spirit which it showed during the whole of last year. Is the *Argus* a field for the efforts of Heidelberg students, or a stage for the long-winded pomposities of professors and outsiders, eked out by the scissors of the staff? Enough is as good as a feast, especially at an unbecoming repast.

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The *St. Vincent's Journal*, in chaste covers, celebrates the Golden Jubilee of the foundation of St. Vincent's Abbey. Reproductions of St. Vincent's in 1846 and 1896, together with pictures of the men who have made the institution what it is, add to the attractiveness of the number. We cordially concur with the sentiments of the *Journal* that the fiftieth anniversary of St. Vincent's is an occasion when one, like a traveler, who, after covering a difficult and darksome way, has reached an eminence, may pause and look back with self-congratulation upon the path already covered. Such a retrospect has quickening results. The energy, devotedness and sacrifice visible in the past give impulse to the present.

while the conviction is born that the achievement of each individual, though small in itself, is, when combined with the efforts of others striving for the same end, a factor productive of glorious results. It is unnecessary to say we felicitate St. Vincent's on this happy occasion, and hope that an equal stretch of further life may be blessed with equal success.

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An exchange editor, in an outburst of timid righteousness, condemns the assertion of what he deems immoral advertisements between the covers of a college paper. Managers of pool and billiard rooms, and dealers in cigars and tobacco should be allowed no voice in a concert where the elevating strains of a baccalaureate sermon might be stifled by the clamorings of wickedness. There are two sides to every question, as all old men say. Advertising clothiers and grocers might also be prevented from contaminating the backs of college magazines, for these good souls may, in their way, develop the immorality of vanity and gluttony. As it is the first time that the said exchange editor is heard he begs that his mistakes might be forgiven. In our pity we are ready to forgive him anything.

#### Personals.

—The many friends of Mr. J. Ducey, Sr., were glad to see him at the University this week.

—Rev. George A. Lyons, of the Most Precious Blood Church, Hyde Park, Boston, and the Rev. P. J. O'Callaghan, the well-known Paulist Father, were guests of the University on Tuesday last.

—Mr. J. Francis Harrison (student '96) paid us a passing visit on his way to New York. Frank will attend the New York College of Pharmacy. His many friends wish him success.

—The Hon. Judge T. E. Howard, accompanied by United States District Attorney Burke, spent Wednesday morning in looking over the treasures of the Bishops' Memorial Gallery.

—Louis C. Wurzer (Law '96) has opened an office in the Majestic Building in Detroit. He is with Corporation Counsel Chas. E. Flowers and Mr. John E. Moloney and is rapidly building up a good practice.

—Thomas Monarch (student '93) was a welcome visitor at the University last week. He is the same good-natured fellow he was when in college, though there is a furrow between his eyes that has grown there during the past three years. The only fault his friends here find with Tom is that he doesn't come oftener.

—John Griffin Mott (LL. B. '95, Litt. B. '96)

was here on a visit last week, and took a run to Danville to visit his chum, Francis W. Barton (Biol. '96). Frank turned out the whole town to meet him, giving a dance in his honor, and entertaining him royally. Both will take post-graduate courses, Mott in law at the Catholic University, Barton in medicine at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, the medical school of Columbia College, New York.

—The Rt. Rev. Monsignor Stephen, who has charge of the Indian Bureau at Washington, honored the President and Faculty with a passing call. The Monsignor appeared to be in the best of health, which blessing the SCHOLASTIC hopes it may be his privilege to enjoy for many years to come. With the Rt. Rev. visitor was an old patron of the Institution, Colonel Pollock, former Inspector of the Indian Schools. We are pleased to note that both gentlemen were favorably impressed with their visit.

#### Obituary.

##### MR. MICHAEL J. COONEY.

It is our sad duty to chronicle the demise of one of Notre Dame's old friends and patrons, Mr. Michael J. Cooney, of Toledo, Ohio, who departed this life on last Friday morning. The news of Mr. Cooney's death comes as a severe shock to his numerous friends at Notre Dame, for he was much prized by all who knew him. As a citizen and as a private individual he impressed all with whom he came in contact as an ideal man. He was as unassuming as a child, and was so highly esteemed and respected by his fellow-citizens that they feel in his death a personal loss to themselves. He was always full of gratitude for favors done him. When told that some friends of his at Notre Dame were making a novena for him, he expressed his heartfelt thanks, and requested that his words be repeated to those who took such a practical interest in his welfare. Of Mr. Cooney the *Catholic Universe* says:

Mr. Cooney has been a prominent man, and well deserved the confidence reposed in him. For two terms he served as alderman from the second ward, and was president of the City Council for three terms. In 1878 he was appointed to fill the vacancy of County Auditor and occupied that position for ten months. He was born in Monroe, Mich., January 27, 1842, and came to Toledo in '65, where he made an honorable reputation, and is justly esteemed for his sterling, manly qualities.

Always prominent in affairs of the Church, he served as councilman for many years, until he was obliged to resign on account of his time being so occupied with business. He leaves a family of two sons and five daughters besides his wife, who are inconsolable over the loss of a devoted husband and most loving father. There has not been so much regret over the death of any one in Toledo for years as over Mr. Cooney.

To his son James, who attended the University for some years, and to the bereaved family, the SCHOLASTIC tenders its sympathy.

## Local Items.

—Lost—A new steel-rod umbrella with curved handle. Please return it to Students' office.

—Never mind, Rosey. Stay here during the Christmas holidays, and it will be all forgotten before June.

—And Bostang Brown, the deah old fellah, has come alone through all this beastly weatha to be with us again!

—Lost.—A watch-chain and pair of nose glasses. Finder, please return them to H. J. Moorhead, Brownson Hall.

—Students not having tickets will positively not be allowed on the field during football games. See the treasurer, gentlemen.

—No, gentle reader, they are not "skiving." They are the new Brownson Hall faculty, Bruecker and McGinnis, who are out for a leisure stroll.

—Dispel your inquisitiveness, kind reader, Niezer sits on the top of his desk merely to force the cover down over his fall stock of apples.

—Lost—A small Rosary of brown colored beads to which was attached a medal of the House of Loreto. Finder, please return to Students' office.

—The candidates for the Varsity Eleven have begun to diet themselves. They gathered around the training table for the first time last Tuesday evening.

—"Say," said O'Malley, and the sun hid himself behind a cloud, "if the foul-tackle punt the goal post, how many quarter-backs does the line-up score?"

—A tackling bag has been erected on the Brownson campus. The football men may now practise that difficult feature of the game without fear of a cracked skull.

—Fox is an ardent free-silver advocate, but his conception of the issue is somewhat unique. In consequence, the boys of his table are manipulating wooden knives and forks.

—The munching of apples still continues with little prospect of abatement; for alas! the Brownsonites are now storing dozens of these big, juicy spheres away into their desks.

—He now restlessly paces the floor of his room, Sleep cometh not, and his mind is in gloom; He tries hard to study, but knowledge comes? No, While Ducey's expounding tough Blackstone below.

—That was a mean man who asked where the "dummy" was when Ducey made an unsuccessful dive for the bag and ploughed up enough sod to cover the whole base-ball diamond.

—"Can't you fellows keep in step," authoritatively shouted one of our new coxswains after witnessing the flounderings of the oars in

the hands of a raw crew. The waters are still chuckling.

—Messrs. Thomas O'Hara, Louis Girardi, Roy Crawford, and Thomas Lowery, were admitted to the University Stock Company. They will appear in a play which will be given by the Company about Nov. 1.

—"I hear the University is going to pay half the expenses of a coach this season," bravely ventured the new student from Pennsylvania; "but I guess only the players will be allowed to ride in it." Get up! Get up!

—The history recitation was suddenly interrupted by the crash of a falling chair followed by a dull thud. Cypher then unceremoniously picked himself up from the floor where he had unconsciously dropped while indulging in a peaceful slumber.

—The Band has now a full membership and all are practising earnestly. A number of the old men have not returned this year, but the new men are keeping a stiff upper lip, and the indications are that the Band will maintain its enviable reputation of former years.

—A meeting of Company A, Hoynes' Light Guards, was held last Saturday evening with Father Regan in the chair, but nothing of importance was considered. A large number of applications have been received, and the outlook for a large membership is flattering indeed.

—Steeletto has increased his range by a note! Before Thursday last his laugh ran from minus A flat to Q sharp; but one of Coxey's venerable jokes on that particular evening caused him to break the record with ease. What a fortune that very audible smile would be to a comic opera star!

—The mandolin club bids fair to equal in point of excellence the splendid club of last year. Two rehearsals have been held thus far, and Prof. Preston assures us that the prospects are flattering. It is gratifying to know that the reputation of the mandolin club is to be maintained notwithstanding the fact that several of the old members are missing.

—A long bag, stuffed with excelsior, has been slung from a scaffolding on the Brownson campus, on which the candidates for the Varsity are permitted to work off their surplus animal spirits every afternoon. The bag was erected at the suggestion of Coach Hering in order to give the men plenty of practice in tackling. An improvement has been noticed already in their work.

—A meeting of the Class of '98 was held Wednesday evening. There was a full attendance and plenty of enthusiasm. The officers elected were: R. G. O'Malley, President; W. C. Kegler, 1st Vice-President; S. Spalding, 2d Vice-President; W. F. Sheehan, Recording Secretary; A. MacDonald, Corresponding Secretary; T. Medley, Treasurer; E. Crilly, Poet; E. Mingey,



Historian; C. Piquette, Orator; W. Fitzpatrick, Critic. A committee was appointed to select class pin and colors.

—The following schedule of games has been arranged by the football manager:

Oct. 8—College of Physicians and Surgeons,  
Oct. 15—South Bend Athletic Club,  
Oct. 22—Indianapolis Light Artillery,  
Oct. 31—Albion College,  
Nov. —Lake Forest University,  
Nov. 14—Purdue University,  
Nov. 26—University of Indiana.

*Students who have not purchased athletic tickets will not be admitted to witness games.*

—A DRAMA IN ONE BASKET.—(*The Brownson goal is in danger*). REFEREE:—"A goal secured from behind the line doesn't count." (*The ball rolls towards the Carroll goal. It is thrown into the basket by a Brownson man standing behind the goal.*) REFEREE:—"Good! good! Score." CHORUS OF CARROLLS:—"What! You said a moment ago—" REFEREE:—"Oh! stop kicking. Play ball! Hurrah for Brownson Hall!" And the sable curtain of night fell on the scene, while far away Willie's voice was heard in unison with a grandfather frog cheering for his burg.

—The first regular meeting of the St. Cecilians was held last Wednesday evening. The following officers were elected: Very Rev. Andrew Morrissey, C. S. C., Honorary President; Rev. J. W. Cavanaugh, C. S. C., and Dr. Austin O'Malley, Literary Critics; Prof. N. A. Preston, Musical Director; Bro. Alexander, C. S. C., Promoter; Rev. James J. French, C. S. C., President; John Francis Fennessey, 1st Vice-President; Francis B. Cornell, 2d Vice-President; Francis X. Druiding, Recording Secretary; T. V. Watterson, Jr., Corresponding Secretary; John V. Walsh, Treasurer; Charles D. Wells, Historian; Joseph J. Murray, 1st Censor; John Morrissey, 2d Censor; James G. Taylor, Sergeant-at-Arms. Over twenty members were present. A programme was arranged for the next meeting.

—Students in Carroll Hall get more than an average value for the money they invest in an athletic ticket. They pay only two dollars a year, and for this sum they have the use of football apparel, and are furnished footballs, enjoy the privilege of witnessing seven games of football with outside elevens, are furnished with a ball for basket ball, have the use of a punching bag, are given the use of balls, bats, uniforms, bases, and have entrance to all the baseball games which Varsity plays with other colleges. And yet there are some chaps in that Hall who are behind in paying their dues! Think of witnessing a football game for fourteen cents! The Carrolls enjoy that privilege. Why, in other institutions the admission fee to a game is one dollar.

—Bones, Steeleetto, and Boru got their heads together last week and organized an American

branch of the French Academy. They have been waiting ever since that wise council adjourned for the other thirty-seven members to come in, but so far nobody has given any sign of a yearning to join them. Anybody is eligible. All that is necessary is to supply your own sword and the green knickerbockers and cocked hat. If you intend to become one of them, gentle reader, be sure to get the right shade of green. Bones had his outfit made from the cloth of the Sorin Hall billiard table. There are several more tables in Brownson and Carroll Halls, so there should not be any one without the official uniform. At its next meeting the Academy intends to crown Bertha M. Clay's latest novel, "Her Girlhood's Lover," and all of her poetical works.

—A resident of Sorin Hall received his trunk, a severe shock, and about forty yards of oil-cloth one day this week. He had been expecting the trunk for some time, and some oil-cloth, too; but not forty yards. Hence the shock. During one of his recent trips to town he ordered a piece of oil-cloth about a yard square; but the dealer, either through a mistake or a desire to make a larger sale, sent forty yards. The purchaser had intended to return the extra thirty-nine yards, of course, but he cannot now. While absent from his apartments yesterday afternoon some bright youths tacked two or three layers on the floor, made pillow-cases and bed-clothes for him with a few more yards, and decorated the walls with graceful festoons of the remainder. Now he spends his days and nights in the law-library trying to find out who will have to pay for the oil-cloth.

—In the report last week of the '97 Class meeting one important business transaction was unfortunately omitted. We beg the '97's pardon. It was Mr. Sullivan's motion to the effect that the members of the Class should raise full beards and moustaches before June (June '97, of course). This motion was so strongly objected to by some of the younger members, on the ground that they had so many classes to carry that they could not give the matter the proper attention, that Mr. Sullivan omitted the full beard clause and made it simply moustache. The motion in this form was seconded by Mr. Lantry. Now those young men will have troubles of their own. Think of Mr. Miller, for instance, when the soup comes his way next Friday. Mr. Miller is fond of oyster soup, too. Then there are other members of the Class who could not grow a moustache if all the porous plasters in creation were placed on their upper lips to draw the hair out. And in the meantime the hair invigorator manufacturers are getting rich enough to join the gold party.

—Once more the Good, the True and the Beautiful has refuted his accuser and brought consternation unto his enemies. Only the other

day, when Wurzer accused him of courting fame, the orator of Bullit County rose to his feet in reply: "Fame, sir?" he hissed—and his finely chiseled nostrils dilated until they swallowed up his mustache—"what is fame? It is a shaved pig with a greased tail, which slips through the hands of thousands, and then is accidentally caught by some lucky fellow that happens to hold on to it. I let the greasy-tailed quadruped go by me without an effort to clutch it, sir."

—Under the able tutorship of Mr. Hering, the football team is fast getting into shape. With every practice, the improvement is noticeable, and if the good work keeps up, we will unfurl our colors triumphantly on Thursday afternoon. The men all evince a disposition to learn, and seem willing to get down to hard work. This is as it should be. There is one fault, however, which should be corrected immediately—and that is too much talk while on the field. Systematic and effective work cannot be accomplished without the cessation of this hindrance. Every man should attend strictly to the duties of his own position and pass no comments on the plays of his neighbor. Let the coach do the talking.

—While the men were resting and practising signals preparatory to another line-up, Corby was told by the coach to give the reserves a code of signals which would not be known to those who were playing with Varsity. Three of those who had been playing with the reserves were resting on the side-lines. "Oh! go in and play sub on *Corby's* team," sneeringly said a bystander. The remark was a mean one; and but for the fact that the speaker forms one of many "dogs in the manger" he would have been treated with the contempt he deserves. If men are willing to go on the field, taking their chances of getting a place on the team, and practising hard that Notre Dame may have a representative eleven, they should not be sneered at by a set of miserable fault-finders.

—There are few coaches as energetic in their work as Hering. He not only spends the greater part of "rec" hours teaching them how to play, but takes part with them, working harder than many of the men. It is a pleasure to find that the candidates respond to his call, and seem anxious to learn. The team is not announced yet, although the men are working by signals. On Thursday they lined up as follows: Mueller and Lyons, centre; Rosenthal, and Cavanagh, guards; Schillo and Hesse, tackles; Bauwens, Hay, Mullen and Murphy, ends; Taylor, quarter; O'Hara, Palmer and Silver, halves; O'Hara and Mullen, full. The practice was hard and began to tell on the reserves, many of whom left the field before it was finished. The reserves should understand that no one is sure of a position on the team. They should, therefore, get out for practice regularly.

## Roll of Honor.

### SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Atherton, Barry, Bryan, Bennett, Byrne, Brennan, Confer, Costello, Crilly, Delaney, Fagan, Golden, Kegler, Lantry, Mingey, McDonough, Miller, Medley, McNamara, O'Hara, R. O'Malley, Piquette, Pulskamp, Palmer, Rosenthal, Reilly, Reardon, Sheehan, Steele, Spaulding, Sullivan, Steiner, Weaver.

### BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Armijo, Arizpe, W. Berry, G. Berry, Baab, J. Brown, Blanchard, Brucker, Barry, R. Brown, E. Brown, Burke, Cullinane, Crowley, Cavanagh, Conway, Crowder, Campbell, Carney, Desmond, Donovan, J. Daley, Dreher, Dukette, M. Daley, Dowd, Ducey, Fadley, Fetherstone, Fitzgerald, Franey, Farrell, Frazer, M. Flanigan, Fox, Follen, C. Flanigan, Foulks, Fehr, Falvey, Guilfoyle, R. Garza, Gilbert, Grady, Girardi, C. Garza, Hartung, Hay, Hessel, Hayes, Hoban, Hagerty, Haley, Hermann, E. Hake, Hengen, L. Hake, Hanhauser, Jelonak, Kidder, Kraus, Kearney, Konzen, Kuerze, I. Kaul, F. Kaul, Koehler, Lyons, Long, Lutz, Landers, Lowery, McDonald, McKenzie, McConn, McCormack, McMillan, McGinnis, Massey, Martin, Miller, Maurus, Monahan, Mulcrone, Morris, Morrisson, Moorehead, Meagher, Meyers, Murphy, Neizer, F. O'Shaughnessy, O'Hara, M. O'Shaughnessy, O'Brien, Pickett, Pendleton, Paras, Putnam, Pim, Powell, Quandt, Quinn, Reed, Reinhard, Rahe, Singler, Schulte, Shillington, Stulfauth, Smoger, San Roman, Scott, Speake, Summers, Spaulding, J. Tuohy, Tong, Taylor, C. Tuhey, Thiele Thams, Tomlinson, Toba, Voght, Welker, Wiczorke, Wheadock, Wimberg, Wilson, Wade, Whitehead, Wigg, O. Zaehle, E. Zaehle.

### CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Abrahams, P. Armijo, R. Armijo, Beardslee, Breslin, Becker, Burns, Burke, Berger, Bebout, Cowie, Cornell, Coquillard, Conklin, T. Condon, Curtis, Corby, Devine, Drejer, Druiding, Dellone, Dinnen, Darst, Dugas, Ellwanger, Elliott, F. Ward, A. Fish, Flynn, Frank, Fennessey, Funke, Foley Girsch, Gimbel, Grosart, Houck, Hagerty, Hoban, Herron, Hawkins, Johnson, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, Kieffer, G. Kasper, Kirkland, Kiley, Klein, Kelly, Kilgallen, Krug, Land, Lyle, Leach, McIntyre, J. McMahon, O. McMahon, McCarthy, McElroy, McNamara, McMaster, McDonald, McCallen, T. Mulcare, J. Mulcare, Morgan, Mooney, Moss, Moore, Merz, Moxley, R. Murray, J. Murray, T. Murray, Maher, Meagher, Morrissey, Noonan, Newell, Nolan, J. Naughton, D. Naughton, T. Naughton, O'Malley, F. O'Brien, G. O'Brien, O'Neill, Pyle, Pulford, Padden, Powers, Putnam, Pohlman, Quinlan, Richon, Reuss, Swan, J. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Schaffhauser, Sexton, Shiels, Sample, Sullivan, Shillington, Schmidt, E. Sheekey, J. Sheekey, Selvin, Shea, Sanford, Stengel, J. Taylor, Waite, J. Ward, Wilson, Wagonman, Wells, Walsh, Watterson, Ward, St. Clair.

### ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Atkinson, Arnold, Abercrombie, Abrahams, Allyn, Butler, Bosworth, C. Bode, F. Bode, Blanchfield, Beardslee, Cowie, Clarke, Casparis, Cressy, Cunnea, Cotter, Coquillard, Davis, Dorian, Dugas, Ebbert, Erwin, Engelmann, Frost, Fetter, Freeman, Franey, Griffith, Graham, Hall, Hart, Hubbard, Kasper, Kelly, Lovell, Lawton, P. Manion, E. Manion, McMaster, E. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, L. McBride, P. McBride, J. McBride, W. McBride, M. McMahon, W. McMahon, J. McMahon, McConnell, J. McGeeney, E. McGeeney, Paul, Phillips, G. Quertimont, E. Quertimont, Reese, Reynolds, Spillard, Steele, Strauss, Shields, Terhune, R. Van Sant, L. Van Sant, Welch, Wilde, F. Weidman, G. Weidman, Burton, Tillotson.

